

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Emfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 16.

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COMPTON, GIBSON & CO. have removed

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BOOK, JOB AND ORNAMENTAL

Type, Borders, Rules, Scripts, &c., would respectfully call the attention of printers and publishers to his establishment. Enjoying ample facilities for executing orders of any magnitude, he hopes, by promptness, to merit a continuance of the favors heretofore bestowed upon him, believing it to be for the interest of printers in the West and Canada to make their purchases here at New York prices, thereby saving the expense and inconvenience of transportation. ROE & CO'S Celebrated Presses always on hand, or furnished at short notice, at manufacturer's prices. Buffalo, September, 1854. 11f

Poetry.

Dream.

Thought I died, and to the silent grave
My friends did bear me. Still and motionless
I lay, yet not without the power to have
Full knowledge of my utter helplessness.
In that my fearful, grim hour of distress:
My thought remained and feeling, actively
As they were wont, not was sensation less
Acute; but my pulse beat not, and mine eye
Seemed death-like fixed and glazed, to those
then standing by.

They wrapt me in my white funeral shroud,
And closed my useless eyes, then gently drew
The death robe o'er them, like a fleecy cloud;
My mother kissed me, and my sisters, too,
Then my thoughts like the wind-swept ocean
grew;

And horror shook my soul. A fire flashed red,
And gleamed, as through my scorched brain it
flew.

And wildly o'er mine eyes its lightning sped—
When my dream changed, and darkness came
instead.

I heard them talk, and heard my mother wail,
I heard the sobbing of my father's breast,
And struggled, but in vain; and nail by nail
Was driven; then my tortured heart was prest
As with a crushing weight, which straightaway
passed.

And I did feel them carry me away
From all my kindred weeping and distress:
Oh! how I only shuddered at decay.

And prayed in anguish for the blessed light of
day.

I heard the measured march and sullen tread,
And now and then a murmur pass along,
Hollow and deep, as best befits the dead
To be spoke of, although men say no wrong;
They went the sepulchres and graves among,
And all in still and solemn silence stood
To let the coffin down; the earth they flung
Upon me, and I heard them beat the sod:
I raved, and in my madness did blaspheme my
God.

That also passed away, and I could think,
And feel, and know my dismal helpless state;
My body knew corruption. I sat silent—
To feel the icy worm, my only mate.

For thousands crawled upon me, all date
At their new prey, and o'er my rotting face
They blindly crept and revelled; after that
They did their noisome, vile, dark, passage trace,
To make my burning brain their loathsome resting
place.

And eager to renew their feast, would press
My skull, and eyelids sockets passing through,
And intertwining till they grew a mass
Within my mouth, when my soul froze anew,
And shuddered—"twas in vain; alas! I knew
I was a victim to corruption's power."

—My horrid dream was o'er, but the cold dew
Was on my forehead, like the glittering shower
That falls from churchyard cypress at the mid-
night hour.

Miscellany.

One Night in Rome.

During those extraordinary times when Nero
wounded in every species of atrocity, a young
man, by name Agenor, was brought up in one
of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his
parents, and finding himself his own master, set
out to visit Rome.

It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey,
when he first made his approach to that im-
mense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes.
Lights were seen scattered all over the city.
The sound of chariot wheels, vociferations, and
musical instruments, reached him before his
entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing
along the streets, where senators and women of
rank, flames, gladiators, knights, thieves, mat-
rons, orators and debauchees, were strolling
together in companies, and conversing in a
thousand different tones, of drunkenness, deri-
sion, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and high-
breeding. In short, it was the festival of Cy-
bele, the mother of the gods, and all Rome was
in an uproar.

Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis.
The number of countenances that wear a look
of intelligence and penetration, without any
stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds
him. He falls into reveries upon the subject,
and tries to conceive what style of
manners would best protect him from ridicule
in dealing with such men; or how he could
endeavor to match their shrewdness, when it
was accompanied by no respect for justice or
truth.

In the meantime, a scuffle took place among
some slaves. One of them was wounded, and
retired among the pillars of a temple, where he
lay down, without receiving the least notice
or comfort from any passerby. Agenor went
up to the spot and spoke to him. After in-
quiring into the nature of his hurt, he learned
the name and abode of his master, who was a
pretor, and whom he next went to seek, for
the purpose of procuring assistance.

It was a magnificent house to which the
slave had directed him. The master was out
at supper, but his lady was giving an entertain-
ment in his absence, and ere long came in per-
son to learn what intelligence our youth had to
communicate. She was a noble figure, had
some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full
of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was
telling his story, she regarded him attentively.
Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his
locks were as rich and exuberant as what we
now behold on the forehead of the charming
Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the
most unbroken simplicity, so that after giving
orders for bringing home the wounded slave,
she begged in a matronly tone, that he would
come up stairs, and partake of a repast, along
with some of her friends, "because," added she
with a smile, "it is the festival of Cybele."
Agenor complied.

There was a good deal of company in her
saloon. Among others, a centurion, who did
not appear so devout as Cornelius, an old
senator, toothless and half-blind; a Greek be-
longing to the theatre; several married women
of the city; and a beautiful young girl, with
dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was
Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

It was upon this young person that our hero's
thoughts were principally fixed during sup-
per; although the lady of the house never al-
lowed much time to pass without asking him
some question, or sending a smile to meet his
eye as it wandered over the table; and although
she presented him with a sweetmeat where there
was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice.
Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could ob-
serve she never missed any thing he said. This
made him talk with animation, and gave his
voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the
female bosom into a delicious languor, while it
penetrates to its very core. An easy gaiety
prevailed throughout the company. The per-
fumes which were burned in the chamber, to-
gether with the occasional strains of music per-
formed by attendants, operated in producing
that luxurious indolence which is aversive to any
sort of contention. Every disagreeable thought
was turned aside by some dexterous pleasantry.
No altercation had time to occur before it was
solved by a jest. The choicest wines of the
pretor were circulated with a liberal hand;
and the old senator, from time to time, poured
forth unmeaning gallantries without knowing
exactly to whom they were addressed. Agenor
began to perceive the beauty of nonsense,
which is almost the only thing that can relax
the vigilance of our self-love, and enable us to
live harmoniously together.

In the meantime, a great deal of gossip took
place among the married women. Nero's con-
duct was examined with freedom; but more as
an object of ridicule than of detestation. The
Greek enlarged upon some fine panthers then
at the circus. The centurion drank assiduously,
and lay in wait for any ambiguities of lan-
guage that might happen to drop from the
company. They regularly followed up with
such remarks as implied his adoption of their
worst meaning; and he showed an expertness
in this exercise, which long practice only could
have taught him. Indeed not one sentence
escaped from the senator which he did not
mould into some equivocal declaration or propo-
sal. The reverend father himself had no
suspicion of this, although shouts of laughter
were constantly breaking forth among the male
part of the company; and therefore he con-
tinued slowly bumbling forward from one sub-
ject to another, while the long chasms between
his ideas were filled up and garnished by the
centurion at his own discretion. In those days
an old senator was considered as the finest butt
in the world.

When the party broke up, Agenor came
near Phrosine, and said, for the pleasure of
speaking to her, "How long does the festival
of Cybele continue?" Any question will serve
to accompany the looks of a lover. Phrosine
replied, "Only two days more; but in that time
you will see much of the nature of Rome;" and
then added, with a girlish ignorance of her own
feelings, "What a pleasant companion that old
senator is; I never spent a night so happily."

"Nor I," said Agenor, who knew the reason
better.

A servant was in waiting at the door of the
saloon. Agenor followed him; but instead of
being shown down to the street as he expected,
he was left in a solitary chamber, enriched with
furniture and paintings of exquisite beauty.
Here was an ivory couch, lined with purple;
two Etruscan vases full of roses; and a Cupid
of Parian marble, by one of the first sculptors
in Greece. The paintings were of all of an anor-
ous description. Satyrs gambolled along the
walls, and thoughtless nymphs were seen very
much exposed among the dark recesses of an
ancient forest. Agenor endeavored to find out
the meaning of his situation, but could not.
Presently the Pretor's wife entered. She took
his hand with much cordiality, and said, "My
dear Agenor, pardon me for this detention. I
cannot let you depart without some advice

concerning the perils of this bad city, for I
perceive you are a stranger. Young men some-
times endeavor to get near the Emperor in
public places, in order to see his person. Be-
ware of doing so. It is impossible to say what
might happen if you should attract his notice;
for his power is absolute, and mischief is always
in his thoughts. Do not associate with gladi-
ators and charioteers, who seldom leave an obolus
in the pockets of their companions; nor with
Greeks, who are and impostors. Again, your
handsome person may chance to captivate some
of our matrons, who love gallantry; but al-
though they should smile on you from their
windows, and beckon with a look of insinuation,
do not stop to talk with them; otherwise you
will get entangled in a thousand scrapes. You
will be left in the lurch, while they go to in-
trigue with some other person. Avoid all this,
and come often back to visit me," said the pre-
tor's wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder:
"Be assured I will prove as good a friend as
can be met with in Rome."

Agenor was a good deal astonished. Per-
haps he would have been at a loss what to say;
but the pretor himself was that moment heard
lumbering up stairs, and hemming at intervals,
in a state of intoxication. His wife started up,
and bade Agenor good night. She then opened
a private passage down to the street, and
gently pushed him out, saying, with a smile,
"Farewell at present; come back to-morrow,
and I shall introduce you to the pretor, who is
a very worthy man."

When Agenor came away, the streets were
still as crowded as ever; but afforded more ex-
amples of the debaucheries and vices of Rome.
The town which Cato loved was now sadly al-
tered. Every god and every virtue had left
the place; and although their temples remained
as beautiful as in better times, they were filled
with scoffing instead of prayer. Agenor had
lived as yet uncontaminated; and the conduct
of the pretor's wife that night had not seduced
him, because he thought of Phrosine. Phrosine's
image engrossed his attention so much, that
he could scarcely find the house where he
meant to sleep; and when he lay down, the
fantastic dreams continued hovering about his
pillow.

Next morning he took a walk through the
town. He viewed the public buildings, the
places noted in history, the books of the Sibyls,
which he could not understand, and the charm-
ing productions of the fine arts, worth all the
rest put together. Many a beauteous head,
and many a voluptuous form of alabaster,
awoke in him the softest feelings of delight;
many a group of Bacchanals taught him a jo-
vial indifference; and many a picture bore a
motto from the songs of Horace, which told
him that life is short, and that we should gather
its roses while fate leaves them in our power.

Xeno's philosophy had once been his pride;
but a softness of heart now crept in upon him,
and the feelings of the Stoics died away before
other feelings, which rendered him a fitter in-
habitant for modern Rome. In the morning
he had scribbled about returning to the pretor's
house, but now he said, "I must go back to
see Phrosine."

In the meantime, as it was yet early in the
forenoon, he repaired to the circus, where he
found the citizens already placed in thousands
along the far-spreading benches, and some of
them distinguished by very magnificent attire.
The games began. Racers and combatants
appeared on the vast arena. Trampets were
sounded. A number of tigers, newly brought
from confinement, scattered the dust in their
terrible gambols. Blood began to be shed, and
acclamations to rise from the populace. The
wild animals increased the noise in receiving
their mortal stabs, and the gladiators fought
and died with enthusiasm; for the sweet music
of applause rung in their ears until they could
not hear it any longer.

Agenor grew much interested in these fatal
sports. Nevertheless, he felt sometimes into
reveries about Phrosine; and in glancing his
eye over the long rows of the circus, observed
the pretor's wife, attended not only by her
husband, who was a corpulent figure with a red
nose, and a countenance full of good-natured
sensuality, but also by some of the handsomest
men in Rome.

Agenor thought there was no need of in-
creasing the number. He therefore left the
circus, and went to see if Phrosine had been
left at home. Fortunately this was the case.
He found her watering some plants in an open
gallery, and removing such of their leaves as
had withered by too powerful a sun. She re-
cognized him with blushes of gladness; and
after a short time, Agenor engaged in dressing
the flowers along with her. These young peo-
ple found this occupation a very pleasing one.
Their smiles met every moment over hyacinths
and myrtles; and their words were breathed in
a low voice among exhalations of perfume.
When Phrosine thought the jars were ill ar-
ranged, Agenor transported them so as to pro-
duce a finer grouping of the blossoms; and
when their pitcher of water was exhausted, this

languishing boy and girl, who had already for-
gotten all conventional forms of behavior, went,
arm in arm, to the fountain down in the garden
to get more. There, at a basin of marble,
which foamed to the brim, they replenished
their vessel. Some drops of spray came dash-
ing on Phrosine's white shoulders; and Agenor
used the freedom to wipe them off with a cor-
ner of his garment. Phrosine submitted with
a slight struggle; but all this took place in
silence, for the feelings of the parties were by
far too serious to suit with jests and compli-
ments. Afterwards they leaned for a long time,
side by side, against the trunk of a chestnut.
Their souls were lost in musing, and their eyes
were fixed on the shadows of branches that
played over the sunny ground before them.

"Ah! how pleasing is a country life," said
Phrosine; "I sometimes wish that I could get
leave to spend my time in Calabria, or Apulia,
or some of those delightful provinces, where the
ground is covered with yellow sheaves, and
where the days are so beautiful, that if a per-
son merely walks out in the open air, it is
enough to make him regardless of all other
pleasures. I do not like the town, or its in-
habitants. Our visitors are so cold-hearted,
that I am treated as a child if I behave kindly
to them. They laugh at any person who is
simple enough to feel attachment even for
themselves. Again, there is no peace or security
in Rome; for every one is afraid of being
cruelly insulted by the Emperor, or some of his
favorites; and their brutality renders so many
precautions necessary, that I am inclined more
and more to envy the inhabitants of those dis-
tant provinces, who are out of its reach. Pray,
from what province do you come?" "From
no other than Calabria," replied Agenor. "I
have a small farm there; but a country life is
sometimes insipid, and I came to Rome from
curiosity and desire of change. Ah, Phrosine!
if I had not come to Rome, I should never
have enjoyed the happiness of being near you;
and now, if I go back to Calabria, I shall not
know what to do with my heart."

"Keep your heart with sufficient care," said
Phrosine, blushing, "and it will give you no
trouble. Those deep and lasting attachments
which have been described by the poets, are no
longer to be found in Rome. It is now the
fashion to change rapidly from one object of
admiration to another, and, indeed, never to
allow the feelings to be seriously engaged at
all. The example of Nero, and his detestable
court, has annihilated every thing amiable, and
left us nothing but selfishness, profligacy and
indifference."

"Then you must seek elsewhere," said Agenor,
for a heart which is worthy of you,
Rome, as you describe it, can never be the
theatre of your happiness."

"Oh! I could endure it well enough," said
Phrosine, "provided I were agreeably situated
at home. But the pretor's wife is jealous of
the attention I receive from her visitors, and
sometimes treats me with a degree of harshness
which it is difficult to support. She is still
fond of admiration, as you may observe, and
imagines that I wish to encroach upon her
share."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Agenor.
"It is evident she wishes you out of her
family."

"But what is worse," said Phrosine, with
tears in her eyes, and at the same time laying
her hand upon his shoulder, "would you be-
lieve it, Agenor? I can hardly be sure that my
own uncle, if circumstances should entice him,
will not deliver me up to this monster who calls
himself the Emperor. It seems he had observed
me with particular attention somewhere in
public, and has repeatedly inquired about me
since. The pretor is at present in favor; but
if he were to evade any of Nero's orders, there
would at once be an end to his farther good
fortune, and perhaps to his life."

"Then why, my beautiful Phrosine," said our
youth, gently encircling her waist, "why do you
remain here to endanger your uncle's life?
Would it not be much wiser, and more con-
sistent with your duty, to marry a poor hus-
bandman who adores you, and set out for Ca-
labria, where you will enjoy all the pleasures of
a charming climate, and never hear of this
wicked Emperor any more? Surely this pro-
posal need only be stated, to make you at once
perceive its propriety."

"Oh! but my aunt," said Phrosine, sobbing,
in great agitation,—"she would not approve
of my conduct."

"Nor would you approve of hers, if you
knew all the particulars of it," replied Agenor.
"Wrap your veil about your head, and we
shall get out by the garden door, which opens
into some of the back lanes. A couple of
mules can soon be purchased; and we shall
soon be far from Rome."

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine, "I
cannot go just now."

"Just now is the very best time," replied
Agenor. "Every person is at present in the
circus, where Nero performs as a charioteer;
and neither the pretor nor his wife can return

till the games are finished. Come along," said
our youth, employing a little gentle violence.

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine,
weeping and struggling, and gradually allow-
ing herself to be dragged away.

The Spirits Brought them a Dove.

A circle, most beautiful in its harmony, con-
venced weekly in this city, for instruction, disci-
pline, and growth in all the nobler attributes of
manhood and womanhood. The name of this
little band, as given by the Spirits, is "The
Olive Branch of Peace." With much pleasure
did the members adopt this beautiful name,
which was suggested by the friends above. The
circle is now complete, consisting of thirteen
persons, to which, we are informed, "outside"
members will be added, at the option of the
Spirits. By outside members, we understand
nothing invidious, but rather an outer circle
—the one already formed, being the inner circle.

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE DOVE was lately pre-
sented to this little body of believers, under the
following peculiar circumstances, for whose
communication to us, we are indebted to a mem-
ber of the circle. It seems that on the 27th of
Nov. last, their spirit friends promised them a
test of their power and guardianship. This
test was to consist of a White Dove, which, in
the words of the narrator, "would go to the
hands of the one who would keep and take
care of it for the circle. They then gave some
directions in reference to the condition of the
mediums and the manner of their being ar-
ranged in the circle, in order to secure the greatest
harmony; also that the room should be closed
twenty-four hours previous to the meeting, and
no one allowed to enter it till 7 o'clock on the
evening assigned, which was Dec. 4, when they
were all to go into the room together. These
directions were all obeyed. And when the circle
was convened, a medium was soon entranced,
and made to state to our incredulous
minds, that they were about to present us with
their promised gift. Each one felt more or
less skeptical in reference to the reality of the
Spirits' dedication, and yet somewhat hopeful
at the same time, not doubting entirely their
ability to unbolt prison doors, or to roll away
heavy stones, if they pleased, from the door-
way of such place, or places, as they might
choose.

"We had been together nearly an hour,
and the Spirits seemed to affect, very sensibly,
the entire circle. One medium, in particular,
was powerfully influenced, and made to go
round the outside of the circle, stating, at the
same time, the necessity of their keeping per-
fectly quiet, and allowing the Spirits to operate
as they chose. Now the Spirit said, "The
Dove is coming, and is now in the medium's
hands;" but before we could all look and see it,
it had passed into the hands of Mrs. Vinton,
who held up to our astonished view, the pret-
tiest, purest White Dove, that ever greeted the
eyes of mortals! And such expressions of de-
light and admiration as followed, could hardly
have been witnessed on any other occasion.

The circumstances attending this presenta-
tion, when considered in all their bearings,
were to all the members of our circle, over-
whelming proofs of the reality of Spirit agency,
and of its capacity to unite and strengthen the
hearts of those who are brought together by
true affinity, and whose purest affections and
social natures are studied with gems of hope
and immortality. And thus do they crown
our Spirits with Progress, within our quiet
circle, they so significantly name, "The Olive
Branch of Peace."

We are informed by our friend, Mr. A. F.
White, of this city, from whose communication
we extract the above, that the friends above
have already given something of the history of
the "Dove," and named it "The Emblem of
Peace." He also communicates the name of
those belonging to the circle, who were pre-
sent on the occasion of this beautiful presenta-
tion. They are as follows:—

Mrs. G. W. VINTON.	Mr. W. A. DUCKLEE.
" T. WELLS.	" P. FARR.
" BELA MARSH.	" A. F. WHITE.
" C. HICKS.	" G. W. VINTON.
Miss H. A. EAGLE.	" T. WELLS.
Mrs. BARRETT.	

—Boston New Era.

"Coarse Grains."

The Albany *Atlas* is very much troubled
now-a-days about the sad waste that is to hap-
pen to "coarse grains," providing the temperance
bill passes. We go for saving the "coarse
grains" to make food for drunkards' families.
At present, most of the coarse grains are worse
than wasted—they are changed from the staff
of life to an instrument of death—their nutri-
tive substance literally destroyed, and a poison
produced which destroys both the body and
the soul.

With our present high prices, the anxious
inquiry of the friends of man should be after
food for the masses, and not solicitude for a
traffic which involves a waste of a vast amount
of creature comforts, and then parades the
many, to fill the pockets of the few.—[Tee-
taller.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, JANUARY, 13, 1885.

We regret to announce to our readers that Professor Brittan will not be able to fulfill his engagement to come to Buffalo next Monday. The sickness of four members of his family prevents him from making the necessary preparations. He will come, however, some time in the course of February. We shall have the Seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, about the first of February. Nothing can be more interesting than his lectures. Due notice will be given of the time when he will be here. He will give a course of five lectures, embracing the whole subject.

Executive Patronage.

The most to be regretted, because the most dangerous feature of the organic law of our General Government, is that which vests in the national Executive the power of appointing all the officers of the Government, excepting only the officers of the two houses of Congress. It is true that the constitution has placed what its framers conceived to be a safety check upon the action of the executive, by requiring the consent of a majority of the senate to a few of the most important appointments. But it has been abundantly proved that this check amounts to little or nothing. The members of the senate are men with human passions, aspirations and weaknesses. When they go to Congress, they go charged with duties other than those prescribed by the constitution. Each one of them has a set of friends to whose influence they are indebted for their elevation to a seat in that august body. Those friends require reciprocal acts of personal favor. They usually make known those requirements before they consent to give the candidate their influence. The man who is thus elected to the senate is compelled to walk in the line prescribed by those friends, or be denounced as a traitor, and repudiated for all time to come. There are honorable exceptions, it is true; but this does not disprove the position that men go to Congress more to serve themselves and their friends, than the country.

Now let us see what has to be done. The friends of the senator wish to be heard in relation to small appointments in their respective localities. They make known their requirements to him, and he appeals to the Executive. Can he effect anything by crossing the President's purposes? Will he be likely to succeed by voting against his nominations? Certainly not. If he wishes to succeed, he must get into the good graces of the Executive; and he can only do this by humoring his whims and conceding his acts. The President, though the creature of the dominant party, becomes their master by virtue of the appointing power, as soon as he is installed into office. He is most obsequious to the will of his partisans, whilst in the state of candidacy. But when he gets through this aurelian state, and becomes a full developed butterfly, perking on the honey-suckle of executive power, the tables are turned, and his party constituents must be the docile and flexible ones. And so they will as long as there remains a hope of receiving crumbs of patronage. And nothing that he can do, however corrupt or atrocious, will bring upon him a word of censure from those who are made recipients of his favor, or from those who entertain a hope of becoming such. Hence the senator who belongs to the dominant party, is counselled by his influential friends to keep on the right side of the President; to defend him against all attacks by the opposite party, whether right or wrong; to vote for all "a" nominations to office, and for all "a" administration measures. What, under the circumstances, does this check avail the nation? Even when an opposition majority, in the senate, refuses to sanction the nominations of the Executive, there can no good result from it. He has only to name another man of the same type, and so keep on till the end of the session, when he appoints by commission, and the opposition is defeated. Besides this, the opposition in the senate are prevented from rejecting the appointments, or nominations, made by the Executive, by two considerations. The one is, that the worse the appointments, the more odium it reflects upon the dominant party, and the better chance they stand of succeeding at the next trial of strength. The other is, that they do not deem it expedient to provoke retaliation, knowing that they will probably stand in the same position themselves which the dominant party now stand in, and that they will remember to do as they were done by. These circumstances, it will be seen, render the constitutional check a nullity, and the Executive a despot, for the time being, if it is his disposition to be such.

For evidence of the effect of the controlling exercise of this dangerous power, we refer the reader to all those journals which were loudest in their denunciations of slavery propagandism in the administrations of JAMES K. POLK and MILLARD FILLMORE, and which are now made recipients of executive patronage. As an example, we will instance the "Corner-stone" organ of the Barnburners, published at Albany. This journal, with the same owners, editors and publishers that controlled it in 1847-8, when it swore eternal hostility to the encroachments of slave power, is now a favored organ of President FILLMORE's administration, not daring to lift a lip or wag a pen in opposition to the infamous outrage committed upon the free states, by the slave powers, in the repeal of that Missouri Compromise which devoted the Nebraska territory to eternal freedom. This journal is now thriving on the feed which it receives at

the hand of him who basely prostituted the executive influence, to consummate the robbery above referred to. This journal is not alone. Behold every journal which receives the patronage of the general Government, and see if a word of censure can be found in one of them against the administration for any of its deeds of darkness. No, not a syllable. Let one of them dare even to insinuate that the Nebraska outrage should not have been perpetrated, and those long columns of fat advertisements from the several departments of the general Government, would melt out like the bottom of an empty pewter mug on a hot stove.

So it is with very many of those rabid partisans who, whilst, would sooner see satan and pestilence approaching, than to see human slavery take a single stride towards free territory. Nothing could make them more indignant than the mention of admitting another new slave state into the Union, or the acquisition of more slave territory. The least bit of an office under the general Government, takes away all the bitter taste and offensive smell of the southern institution, and they are ready to sign a petition to the legislature to allow slaves to be held in this state as long as southern gentlemen have occasion to hold them here.

It is this metamorphosing quality of executive patronage, which renders the appointing power, as it is now wielded, so dangerous in the hands of a single man, and that man nominated and elected by the machinery of party politics, instead of the free suffrages of the people. It is this which renders an amendment of the constitution of the general Government indispensable to the safety of popular liberty and to the permanency of our free institutions. Instead of the popular government which our revolutionary fathers supposed they were giving us, under the constitution which they framed, we have now more of a despotism than any people on earth are cursed withal, save those who groan under the pressure of absolute monarchies. The power to corrupt the press and the people, which the President of the United States wields, is not equalled by that of the head of any limited monarchy in the world.

Let us have the constitution amended, so that the people shall elect all local officers of the general government, and the power to work corruption and to defeat the will and silence the voice of the people, will be taken from the national Executive, and the most imminent danger to the permanency of our national system of government, will be removed.

"He is Coming."

Thus the heart-stricken wife and mother sobbed, when, at one o'clock in the morning, she heard the unsteady step upon the threshold, of him whose coming she was sleepily watching for. It was the man whom she had chosen, in preference to all others, to be her companion and protector through the whole journey of life. It was the man whom she had promised to "love and obey as long as they both lived." There was no proviso in that promise. The marriage ceremony vainly presupposed that he would be worthy of love and obedience, till death, making no allowance for the snares of vice that are set for the feet of the unwary traveller on the great highway of life. It was the man who, in good faith, took her hand and promised before God that he would love, cherish and protect her during life. So he honestly intended, for he was honorable, kind, industrious and thrifty. It was the man who was the father of those four little children who lay in the cradle-bed, covered with rags, sleeping soundly after having cried piteously for want of that which their hungry stomachs demanded at the hands of him who was the author of their existence.

He had been a kind husband and father, till the great political excitement of 1840, when the whole country was convulsed with the efforts and counter efforts of politicians; when every day brought with it its political gatherings and harangues, and every night was made hideously vocal with songs, hurrahs and revelry. He was an industrious and well-informed young man; and withal he could make a very amusing political speech. This made him a party politician. The applause which he received, made him vain of his talents and induced his constant attendance at the meetings of his party. He had always been sober; but it was impossible for him to be constantly in the company of rowdy politicians and resist all the pressure of their solicitations to partake. Those who have tried it, know how repugnant it is to the feelings of a sober man, to keep the company of bacchanals and abide the atmosphere of their moral grossness. The connection cannot be continued for any length of time. Participation in their carousals, is the only means of making their company endurable. This was what the man we are speaking of did; and before the campaign was over, he came home, occasionally, quite tipsy.

His wife was alarmed, but refrained from remonstrating, hoping and believing that her husband's good sense would tell him his danger, and he would make his escape in good time. The season passed away, the campaign was ended, and the exciting cause which had led him astray, existed no longer; but the taste which he had acquired for alcoholic beverages, and the propensity to artificial stimulation, which had been produced by the indulgence, did not pass away with the exciting causes. He intended to leave off drinking, and that immediately; but there was always something in the way. There were drinking houses all ways in the way; and there were never wanting some of his political friends and tipping associates; and he could not refuse drinking with them. He was a tradesman in good circumstances, when he commenced politician and bacchanalian; but want of attention to his business, and the drain upon his means by his in-

dulgence, soon made him bankrupt, and he was sold out by the sheriff. This made him still worse. He now drank more deeply to drown trouble. The taverns and dram shops were open to him at all hours, as long as any remnant of his effects remained; and when all was gone, he resorted to the drunkard's last shift, doing menial service for liquor dealers, to supply himself with the elixir of death, in its cheapest and most loathsome form. By the kind treatment of his wife, and the importunities of faithful friends, he was induced to make many efforts to abstain and redeem himself. But, when he would do good, evil was present. Fatally omnipresent was that horrible evil; for it stood exposed to view wherever he went; and at every point some vagabond would be ready to beckon him in and administer the potion which would renew his longing desire for indulgence. Could he have been where there were no such temptations, he could have been saved; but there is no salvation for the confirmed inebriate, where, at every corner, there is a conscienceless wretch ready to grab his pennies and give him the bane of body and soul in exchange for them.

As the habit waxed stronger, his mind became more soured; and, from an amiable man and a kind husband, he became a fiend in human shape, frequently beating his wife and children and turning them out into the street in the dead hours of the night. Coming in, on the night first alluded to, after he had been ejected from one grocery and had staggered about the streets to gain admittance into others, till he became brutally ferocious, he blundered over a stool which had furnished a seat for one of the children. In the delirium of madness, he seized it, and relieved the partner of his wretched existence from all her troubles, by inflicting a blow upon her head with it, which killed her instantly. He has now served about ten years of a life-term in a western state prison.

This, let the reader understand, is no fiction, but a plain statement of facts. But it is only a single case among thousands and thousands in the country. Will the world ever be redeemed from the reign of this demon? Will this nation—the greatest drunkard in the universe—ever be redeemed from it? Will the people of this state ever be redeemed from it? If ever, why not now? Now—this winter—is the day of salvation. Oh! let it not pass without making one tremendous effort in the cause of redemption. This is an age of redeeming principles. It is an age of moral progress. Let every philanthropist strike now for liberty from the thraldom of Intemperance, and the united effort must prove successful.

For the Age of Progress.

What is Man and his Destiny.

FRIEND ALBRO—This is a question which, at present, receives more attention, and is evidently more interesting, than at any other period since the introduction of man into being. The increasing light of intelligence is fast unlocking the portals of truth, and every new development is another step toward God and perfection.

The wonderful mechanism of the human system, and the longings and aspirations of the soul, ought to satisfy us that the design of man is God-like, his destiny eternity, and his spiritual being coexistent with God.

Were it not for the long taught and believed heathen Mythology, the human family would more readily understand their true condition, their high connection and spiritual affinity with their Creator. I know we are taught from high quarters, that man has lost and forfeited his high estate; that his primitive purity and holiness was lost by his transgression.

But without bowing down in submission to this clerical conclusion, or stopping to inquire into the truth or falsehood of that fable of antiquity; and without going back into the dark and unknown and unknowable circumstances of the past eternity, to know what the nature and destiny of man is, I will assume the fact, that man is mineral, vegetable and animal, what he ever was—a wonderful compound of these elements, and vitalized by "a spark of Heavenly flame" that no circumstances can extinguish.

In the providence of God, he seems a connecting link between Earth and Heaven, time and eternity, perfection and imperfection, placed here by omnipotent power and wisdom, for great and incomprehensible purposes; partaking of the animal nature for propagation and other varied responsibilities, and of the spiritual and Heavenly for improvement and right conduct. Man, in all his pride, pomp and vanity, is but a creature poor, needy and dependant. He cannot tell the first purpose of his being. He will descend from the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur, to the lowest degree of vice, crime and sensuality, through his animal nature. Again the same individual, under the spiritual influence, may arise and ascend from these degraded conditions, to the highest stages of human perfection, and enter the portals of beatific joy and eternal progression.

It is this wonderful combination of the two-fold nature, that has puzzled all the philosophers of antiquity. This, with their prevailing ignorance and superstition, has raised up imaginary gods, and confused and defeated the struggling efforts of the human mind.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged wisdom and intelligence of the age, the mental vision is greatly obscured by chronic sophisms. There seems a sacred awe and reverence for that which is ancient and obscure. These unreasonable attachments to whims and vagaries, that ought to have been abandoned long ago, retard the advances of improvement, and resist and deny the spiritual developments of the day.

Were it not for the theological teachings of

the day, man would have to think for himself. He would believe that there is nothing in the great temple of nature too sacred for his investigation; that the animal and spiritual natures both emanated from the same almighty power, to subserve the purpose and advance the glory of God, that the first is indispensably necessary to multiply and replenish the earth; the other to advance, improve and be godlike.

When we divest our minds of the crude and visionary traditions of paganism, and shake off its influences, does it not appear rational and philosophical that God is supreme and omnipotent, throughout his wide domain? That he has no coworker in his stupendous plan; that he rules his estate and has no opposing power to usurp his rights, or thwart his purposes; that he is all in all, upholding and sustaining his vast Universe. Considering his omnipotence and omnipresence, with the other attributes which are acknowledged on all hands to be his, I think I am justified in saying that man cannot get without the power, love, goodness, and providence of God.

It is, then, evident that man is animal and spiritual, brought into being independent of himself, and for purposes known only to God.

Because we cannot draw the line of separation between this compound nature, shall we be and continue to be heathenish, by ascribing the lower nature to the devil? We are surrounded on all sides with innumerable blessings, that are laid before us by the infinite and benevolent hand, without stint, measure or partiality. We have a right to claim connection and affinity with God; and by the aid of this vital principle within us, we can possess all the joys and blessings of earth. But on the other hand, if we disregard these spiritual admonitions, and abuse the passions and propensities of our nature, we will find the way of the transgressor hard, and without rest, day or night, from which there can be no salvation by proxy or credit. It is found alone in ceasing to be evil and learning to be good.

CANDOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Joshua's communication has good common sense in it; but we should have to re-write it entirely before the compositor could do any thing with it. No one should attempt to write for the press who commits violence upon the established law of orthography, in nearly every word, and crucifies MURRAY in every sentence. Why not keep your dictionary at hand, whilst you are writing, if you cannot divest yourself of the *cacophæe scribendi*, and consult it for the spelling of every word that may be spelled more than one way? In this way, and only in this way, you will learn to spell.

To "S. M. E." of Boston, we will say what will be equally applicable to others who are in the habit of doing as he, or she, has done, in this instance. Please to bear in mind, that the editor of a paper has a right to know who his correspondents are. With your communication, you addressed us a private note. Why did you withhold your proper sign manual from that note? Editors—those we mean, who know their responsibilities and their duties—are bound to consider and treat all communications of correspondents as confidential, and should be put in possession of their real names.

Nothing short will secure the publication of communications in our columns. Again, this correspondent, like too many others, has subjected us to the payment of five cents postage, when he, or she, might have paid it with three.

Now, if we have a regular correspondent whose communications are valuable to us, we are very willing to be at the expense of the postage. But, in such case, we should supply the correspondent with stamps so that we should not be charged 66 per cent. extra.

TO OUR DISTANT FRIENDS.—We beg of our friends who address us from a distance to take care, in writing names of persons and places, to make them legible. They must bear in mind that those who are familiar with a name, can read it with much more facility than those who are not, let the chirography be what it may.

Let Your Light Shine.

"Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."

So said Jesus, in his sermon on the mount. The messengers from Heaven, which come to kindle the light of truth in our midst, and to break up the reign of religious darkness which has so long enveloped the world, do not intend that their light shall be kept in a dark lantern, or concealed from all eyes but those of the little circles in which they operate. They intend that every such circle shall be a luminary, increasing in brightness, and attracting the gaze of the outside world.

We are led to these reflections by learning, as we do from reliable sources, that there is valuable light in many private circles in this city, which circles are composed of minds that would exercise a healthful influence upon those who stand back waiting to see who will embrace Spiritualism. There is such a thing as "grieving the spirit;" and we have no doubt that those who smother the light with which they are favored, for fear of the sneers of skeptics and the revellings of scoffers, will, in the end, smother it to death. Every truth which is kept back, strengthens the arm of the opposition, and retards the progress of the cause. Ye are (should be) the light of the world. Throw open your window blinds and let your light stream forth into the region of darkness. Then you will no longer be selfish, but imparting to those who are needy, that which will be useless to yourselves and the world, if kept concealed.

A Good Suggestion.

The New York Evening Post, in view of the State census which is to be taken this year, suggests that there would be greatly more reliability in the census, if taken by some competent officer in each school district, who is familiar with all the statistics of the district, than if taken by persons appointed by the Marshal. And it further suggests that it would be a saving of expense. The following are the Post's remarks on the subject:

"The plan has already engaged our attention, and we give here only two of the considerations by which, as appears to us, it is recommended."

"If there be any convenience which the civil organization of our state offers for the more exact accomplishment of the purpose for which census is taken, it is clearly our duty to take advantage of it. Our school districts, consisting of small neighborhoods in which, with the exception of the larger towns, the parties who live within their limits are personally acquainted with each other, and as they are so small, certain information not only of the number and ages of the individuals residing within them, but of their occupations and interests, and any other particulars which it may be desirable to include in the census returns."

"A stranger, going from house to house, putting down the names of the boys and girls, making a record of the men's employment and the women's occupations, and so getting at the amount of capital invested in various branches of business, is generally put off with as little information as can conscientiously be given, and with less than is maintained or but imperfectly informed, he may be suspected to suspect it. If, however, the business were entrusted to some intelligent officer of the school district, the collector, perhaps, of the district taxes, or the person who takes the school rates, it would be not too impossible that any information of consequence should be withheld. The person making the returns would be acquainted beforehand with nearly all the facts he is required to collect, or at least so nearly in possession of them, that he could not be led into any serious mistakes."

"A census made up of returns from the different school districts, obtained in this obvious manner, would have a character of authenticity which could not possibly be attained by any organization of persons created expressly for the purpose by the central government of the state. Besides the recommendation of certainty and precision in the returns, the method we are recommending might, we think, be carried into effect with far less cost."

A SAD MISTAKE.—Two years ago, a young Englishman was arrested in Boston for passing counterfeit money, tried, convicted and sentenced to the State Prison. The money which he passed was a five dollar bill on the Western Bank, which was taken by the person receiving it, to Suffolk for deposit. The teller of the Suffolk pronounced it counterfeit, and wrote "counterfeit" across the face of it. On the trial the mark of the teller was called to prove the bill genuine, and the teller's stamp went for nothing. About a month ago the bill, which had been safely kept in the District Attorney's office, by accident fell into the hands of the former cashier of the bank, when he immediately pronounced it genuine. Whereupon the young Englishman was set at liberty after nearly two years. The question now is, who ought to pay the damages, the State or the Suffolk Bank.

THE MORMONS AND THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

—Speaking of the possibility of a collision between the Mormons of Utah and the United States authorities, growing out of the appointment of Colonel Steptoe to the Governorship of the Territory, the Louisville Journal says:

"Terrible as a collision at this time between the General Government and the Mormons might be, we say, unhesitatingly, let it come if it must. At the legitimate hands of the United States be maintained in the Territory of Utah, even if, in order to that end, the whole Mormon population have to be driven out or annihilated. Appearances indicate unerringly that sooner or later a conflict between the Mormons and the lawful authorities of the nation must take place; and if so, surely the sooner the better. And it is especially desirable and vastly important that, whenever conflict occurs, our Government shall be clearly and indisputably in the right, as it certainly will be in asserting and maintaining by force its right to appoint the Governor of Utah. The Mormons are a most pestilent people, and a great many persons insist that the Government must shut them out of the Territory. We have no idea that the General Government has a right to attempt this, but it has a right to govern Utah as it governs other Territories; and as a conflict is so distant a prospect, we have no character of Mormonism, and the whole conduct of its devotees, occur, from one cause or another, we are not unwilling that those horrible facts should take ground for the maintenance of their predigite property as Governor, and bring on the issue now."

Report of the Commissioners of the Canal Fund.

The report of the commissioners of the canal fund, prepared by the auditor of the canal department, has just been submitted to the legislature and is published in the Albany papers. It contains the unpleasant confession that the treasury of the state is empty, and makes the following suggestions as the best way of replenishing it.

The restoration, in a modified form, of tolls upon freight carried on the railroads of the state. From this source, in his estimation, at least \$500,000 will be realized.

A judicious revision of the rates of toll, and a reasonable increase on many articles, so as to conform more closely to the tariff of 1850-51, which was much nearer the most productive revenue standard than that of any subsequent year.

A more economical administration in relation to repairs and superintendence. The expenses of these in 1847 were only \$493,000, while in 1854 they amounted to \$854,000—an increase for which the Auditor naively remarks he is unable to account. He has no doubt that the work could be done much cheaper by contract, but can scarcely deem it expedient to resort to that. A proper exercise of the Commissioners' power of removal of Superintendents for incompetency or misconduct, would do much, in his opinion, toward the reduction of the expenditures, in this department, to their proper limit.

The correction of frauds upon the revenue. These are principally perpetrated by what are called "skeleton bills of lading;" mere estimates of which should be, but in a large majority of cases are not, compared with the true bills of lading, and by clearing articles bearing a high rate of tolls, as those liable to a lower rate. It is the duty of the inspectors to attend to this duty, but it has not been performed, and the Auditor recommends that the office be abolished, and the collectors made responsible for the proper inspection of the boats.

The canal debt amounts to \$18,731,969 16—Of this sum \$13,418,919 34, borrowed to meet deficiencies become due on the 1st of July next, and \$4,000,000 of five per cent. stocks, on the 1st of January ensuing. The first payment will be made from the sinking fund, and the defi-

ciency of \$5,500,000 to meet the other will be borrowed on the credit of that fund. The canal certificates, \$1,500,000 due in July, will be funded.

Effects of Ether and Chloroform.

The Dentists of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City have lately held two meetings at the Dental Academy in Bond Street, for the purpose of relating the facts of their experience in the administration of ether and chloroform for anæsthetic purposes. The exciting motive of these convocations was the recent trial and conviction of Dr. Beale, a Philadelphia dentist, for alleged improper liberties taken with a young lady while the latter was under the influence of chloroform, the testimony in the case being only that of the young lady herself, who spoke from the remembrance of her impressions while under the effect of the stimulant. The question particularly agitated was, whether such testimony should be considered valid in a Court of Justice, in the absence of corroborative evidence. Many facts were stated of a highly interesting nature, as showing the psychological hallucinations that are apt to take possession of persons while under the operation of these subtle stimulants. For instance, Dr. Main stated that after extracting three teeth of an etherized gentleman, the latter coldly demanded of him ten dollars. He thought he had been driving a chariot with four white horses, at the Hippodrome, and had beaten a span of black horses, and won ten dollars which he had bet. Another man, while under the influence of chloroform, thought he was driving his fast team, eating, smoking, and drinking. Another thought he had been locked up in the Tombs, and wanted the doctor to go his bail. A boy thought he was fishing; a lady thought she was planting flowers; and an Irish girl—a Catholic—pronounced her priest and her religion a humbug (this declaration must have been made at a ludicrous moment). While having eleven teeth extracted by Dr. Marvin, of Brooklyn, a lady, after having taken a large quantity of chloroform, screamed violently, and thought they were shoeing her head between the hinges of a gate, and that they afterwards threw her among a drove of cattle, which tried to gore her to death with their horns. Dr. Griswold, of Williamsburgh, stated that recently, after he had given ether to an athletic man, the owner of a distillery, the latter sprang up, and, with clenched fists, swore violently, and on returning to consciousness, stated that he thought he was in his distillery, and that one of the men had carelessly produced some derangement in the machinery, at which he became enraged.—Dr. Rich said that a young lady, having a remarkable fine head of hair, thought, while under the influence of chloroform, that her brother, by whom she was attended, plucked out a quantity of her hair, and she persisted in that impression to this day. "A gentleman under the same influence, thought he was in heaven, and described the glorious visions he saw there. Another man, under the hands of Dr. J. W. Smith, of Brooklyn, on recovering from the intoxication of chloroform, thought he had been in hell, and the idea took so firm a hold of him afterwards that he could not dispel it, and he is now, in consequence, in the Lunatic Asylum! A lady who had received chloroform from Dr. Smiley without any immediate unpleasant effect, got up on the same night and went, en chemise, to a fire in the neighborhood, and did good service in inciting the firemen to the performance of their duties. Several instances were also related in which amorous and other improper manifestation had been made by ladies while under the excitement, and in which they imagined that insults had been offered them, and could not be dissuaded from that impression after returning to their natural state. The impression pretty generally prevailed that Dr. Beale, the Philadelphia dentist, above referred to, was very probably the victim of some such hallucination as the latter, and that he should not have been convicted by the testimony of the young lady alone; but no formal resolution to that effect was passed by the meeting.

We mention these facts principally on account of their interesting psychological and physiological bearings; but lest these statements should contribute to engender an unwarrantable prejudice against ether and chloroform, it is deemed proper to add that these are merely exceptional cases, selected from among hundreds in which the administration of those anæsthetics was attended with no unpleasant effects whatever.—Spiritual Telegraph.

THE VIRTUE OF LAUGHTER.—When one can give, and does give, a clear, honest laugh, or in any way shows forth a genial sympathy, there is still left something of the innocence of nature and the impulse of goodness. It is true, there are those, the intensity of whose inner life, and the circumstances of whose lot, may repress tumultuous joy; yet there is an attractiveness in them, as though that which in others breaks out in laughter, were distilled into spiritual serenity, and comes forth now and then in the sunburst of a smile.—CHAPIN.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—A constant reader says, "perhaps it is not generally known that the way to make good tea is first to pour in the boiling water in the pot, and then to put in the tea, not mixing it at all. The reason is obvious, for of course the hottest water is on the top, where the steam rises; then the tea is better infused, and the flavor drawn out more properly."

The Sultan of Turkey was born in Constantinople in 1823, and ascended the throne at the age of sixteen. He was a mild and gentle youth, and inherited the reforming tendencies of his father, and the softness of the Christian mother. He is tall and slender, with black eyebrows, pale face and thin lips. At first his career was timid and irresolute, but of late years he has manifested considerable energy. His reign promises to prove the most important in the modern history of his country.

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"Of Course I do not Believe it to be Spiritual."

We make it a principle never to commence an argument on the subject of Spiritualism, with those who affect to regard it as fabulous, or who attribute the phenomena to deceptive devices. We are frequently drawn out on the subject by persons who are desirous to hear what facts we predicate our faith upon; and we are frequently amused at the equivocations of those whose reasoning faculties are convinced, but whose early religious teachings, social affinities and influences, hold their spirit in duress, and refuse to let them speak as freemen. It was no longer ago than the early part of the present week, that we were accosted by a gentleman who had increased his speed to overtake us, with the meaningless query: How comes on *The Age of Progress*? We answered, Yankee fashion, by asking him if he read it. His reply was that he often saw it in the hands of his neighbor. He had read all the accounts of what we had witnessed, and, from the knowledge of our character, he was convinced that we were sincere and truthful; but, said he, of course I do not believe it to be spiritual. Why, we asked, should that be considered a matter of course? O, because it is entirely out of the general order of things.—We have never been taught to believe that the spirits of the dead leave their happy abode in heaven, or their confinement in hell, and come back to earth to hold converse with mortals. I am compelled to believe there is something in it which is extraordinary, not only because such men as you bear testimony to so many phenomenal facts, but because I have seen tables move very mysteriously, with my own eyes, and have had questions answered which I know no one at the table but myself could know anything about. Still I do not believe it to be spiritual.

We asked: Did I not see you at Mr. Cox's room when he was in this city?

Yes, he replied, I was there and was astonished at the test which I received, and still more at the communication which was written with his hand, to which the name of my deceased sister was appended, who, I am quite sure, was unknown to all present, she having departed this life at an early age, and in a distant State.

And yet you would have me consider it a matter of course that you do not believe it to be spiritual! Allow me to ask you if you believe in a spiritual existence, after the decease of the physical form?

Most assuredly I do. I should be a miserable creature if I believed this life to be the whole of human existence, and that my reasoning faculties were to be annihilated at the death of the body. No, no, thank God, my religious teachings have been more rational than that of the annihilationists. I could not be induced to believe that God created such intelligences as those which commune with Him from these human tenements, for the mere pastime of blotting them out of existence.

How, we asked, do you like the religious teachings of the spirits, according to the representations made by those who hold, or pretend to hold, communications with them?

They are, he replied, contrary to the teaching of the Bible, which is the standard of our religious faith, and in conflict with the creed which I was taught in my infancy, as adopted by the fathers of the Christian church. I was early inducted into, and have ever since held as true, the doctrine of original sin, the total depravity of man, the foreknowledge and predestination of God, the eternal misery of the wicked, and the atonement made by the suffering and death of the Son of God. The teachings purporting to come from the departed spirits, are far more congenial with the sympathies of the human heart; and if I could be convinced of their truth, I should be the happiest man in the world. But the word of God and the convictions of all the learned divines of Christendom, stand in antagonism to them, and I am compelled to look for a solution of the mysteries of spiritualism among the phenomena produced by the involuntary and imperceptible action of the human soul, upon the infinitely sublimated forces of nature.

Here we parted, and we remembered the conversation as well as we could. His objections to the truth of spiritualism, may be thus summed up: It conflicts with the bible. It ignores the doctrine of eternal damnation and suffering in hell fire. It renders unnecessary and, of course, repudiates, the vicarious atonement claimed to have been made by the execution of Jesus. And it does not hold all the generations of man, in all succeeding ages, responsible for the apple which the snake coaxed Eve to steal, or for those which Adam subsequently ate. We cannot censure the gentleman for want of faith. Only think what a bundle of absurdities he has swallowed, and there will be little wonder that he can hold no rational truth.

He believes that God made a devil and set him up in opposition to himself, to wheedle the man and woman which he had produced, and decoy them and their posterity into a lake of fire and brimstone, which he had taken care to provide, and there to keep them burning eternally. He believes that God foreknew how it would fare with Adam and Eve, and

all that should ever descend from them, and that he predestined that such should be their fate. He believes that the God who thus ordained, is a wise, merciful and good God. He believes that the man who does what God ordained that he should do, justly merits eternal damnation for doing it. He believes that man could not possibly do otherwise than he does do, but that God is justified in burning him eternally, because he is God, and because the potter has a right to make whatever kind of vessel he pleases out of his own clay. He believes that man became so wicked and rebellious, in consequence of the temptations of that devil which God made to lead him astray, that he—God—repented that he had created him. In other words, he found that the project did not work as well as he had anticipated, and he came to the conclusion to destroy the whole human family, and the whole animal creation, with the exception of a pair of each and some extras, which he thought proper to keep for seed. He believes that God, in accordance with this determination, brought on a great rain storm, which lasted forty days and forty nights; that it covered the earth all over more than five miles deep, making the globe ten miles larger in diameter than it was before the storm commenced. He believes that the accumulation of this world of water, was one great miracle; that the preservation of the wood of which the ark was made during the hundred years which it took Noah to build it, was another great miracle; that the bringing all the beasts, birds and creeping things together to go into the ark, was another great miracle; that putting them all into three rooms which would not contain a tithe of them, was another great miracle; that finding room for provisions to last them a year, and for water to last them ten months, was another great miracle; that taking care of them and feeding and watering them all, with but eight hands to do it, was another great miracle; that the drying up of the ocean, was another great miracle; and that the feat of the olive branch, the final landing of all the animals, &c., were other miracles. He believes that God, instead of giving Noah so much trouble, and working all those miracles, might have sent a plague to take them all off but those he wished to save for seed and for food, with one small miracle. Still he believes that God is omniscient.

Notwithstanding this destruction of nearly all the animal creation, because of man's rebellion, the race which came from the seed which God had preserved, soon became as corrupt and wicked as those that were destroyed; and this gentleman believes that God devised another method to regain what the devil had tricked him out of. He resolved that a virgin should be miraculously made the mother of a child; that this child should be the Son of God, and that he should be God himself; that all the sins of Adam and Eve and their whole posterity should be imputed to this God the Son and God the Father, in one infant child; that he should grow up, bearing the iniquities of all the human race; that he should be put to an ignominious death, as a propitiation for all the devilry committed since Adam's fall, and that the race should be thereby redeemed from the hereditary curse of original sin. He believes that all these things did take place; and he believes that this last device of Almighty God, was as bootless to save the human race from sin and misery as the destruction by the flood was; for he believes that they are now going to hell as fast as the devil and all his infernal forces can stow them away, notwithstanding that God suffered death himself, at the hands of the Jews, in attempting to save them.

Now, when a man has taken all this into his faith, can it be reasonably expected that the same faith will hold Spiritualism too? "Of course, he cannot believe it to be Spiritual."

"It is just as much of a Humbug as Millerism."

So it is affirmed by those who revive Spiritualism. Well, how much of a humbug is Millerism? Let those journals and oral defamers who use this as an odious comparison, first show us how much humbug there is in Millerism. It may be that we shall assent to the proposition. There is certainly no humbug in a single and very natural mistake. And if Millerism should prove to be true in all respects, save a misconception of a single term, it will not be deemed obnoxious when Spiritualism is declared to be as great a humbug as Millerism.

We confess our want of converse with the details of the Millerite faith; but we know that the leading and all-important tenet is the destruction of the world, in the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century is already more than half gone; and we have a mind to aver that more than half of the work of the predicted destruction is already accomplished.—The single mistake made by the Millerites, as it now appears, is that they understood the prophecy to aim at the dissolution and annihilation of this terraqueous globe, which is really indestructible, instead of the world of religious falsehood, bigotry, and superstition, which, like a pall of impervious blackness, overpread the nations of the earth, shutting out the light of truth and preventing intellect from putting on its ascension robe. This is a world which is destructible; and the work of destruction is more than half accomplished, when it is fairly commenced. The nineteenth century will never pass into the vortex of bygone ages, without the full accomplishment of the predicted destruction. The whole complicated system—the whole old world of religious error, bigotry, intolerance, fanaticism and intellectual slavery, must not only be broken into fragments

and cast into the fire of purgation, but its ashes must be swept entirely away with the lapse of the present century. It is simply a mistake in the world which was to be destroyed, that has given a sting to the obloquy which is heaped upon Millerism. True philosophy would have taught Miller and his adherents that no particle of matter can ever be annihilated. A fire passing through this globe of matter, could not reduce it in magnitude or ponderosity an inch or a grain. But there was a destructible world on its surface; and the day of its dissolution has arrived. The present is the morning of that day; and the wise are dressing themselves in their ascension robes of truth and righteousness, whilst the fools and blind are crying "humbug," "hallucination" and "devil."

Lecture No. 6.—By Stephen R. Smith.
The Evils of the Present Age.

Order is a law that governs happiness and creates the law of harmony. These two laws combined, fill the soul with aspiration, and create the law of wisdom. The combination of these three grand laws, unfolds the powers and perception of the spirit, and the law of love is created. The evils of the present age, how numerous they are! The inharmonious existing between minds; the contention and strife of men; the uncongeniality existing between creeds; the baffling of political aspirants; the envy of professional men; the bitter arguments of theologians; the impurity of professed Christians; are among the principal evils of the present age.

There are natural principles that give life, motion and intelligence to the mind. These principles pulsate through the entire organization of nature. These principles govern the immortal mind; and wherever they do exist, there you find unalloyed happiness. What principles govern the human mind? Are those universal and unchanging laws of God and nature observed by the mortal mind? Does the law of order control and harmonize every earthly spirit? Does the law of harmony draw the human family together as one brotherhood, and is wisdom the aspiring theme and study of each? Does that all-pervading law, wisdom, draw intellects together, and the law of love spring up in every bosom? No—because evil is spread over your land. Each mind has an established principle of its own, from which to act. Every mind possesses the principle of spirituality. Every mind has a germ hourly unfolding and developing its purities to embrace higher and holier truths. There is, stamped upon every object, the emblem of spiritual principles; and within every mind is a type of nature.

The greatest evil existing upon earth now, is the deformity of the social relation—the discordant feelings existing in families, which produce ruptures in the affections, and by which your home happiness becomes shattered and is laid in ruins upon the family altar. This evil is vast and overwhelming. The principle of harmony, though seen in all nature, does not govern human minds. The development of mind is an unfolding principle of association and progression. It is the highest manifestation of every faculty. It is the deepest and highest and most omnipotent attribute of Deity. There is no limitation to the processes of development—no termination to this distinct system of creation. And from this principle all creations receive their permanent coronation. The student of nature receives in the inmost sanctuary of his spirit, the instinctive sentiments of friendship and affection. His mind involuntarily yields to the law of love, and never feels the strong hand of enmity heavily placed upon those principles which adorn his mind, to sever them from their native place. The law of love, by an indwelling attraction, draws the affections together in ineffable concord. In the midst of the assemblage of affections in the human soul, there is rising majestically above all others, a pure and holy love, which attracts the human heart towards the Supreme Mind. Love is the source of all attractions in the affections.

Other evils of the present age are those theological denominations, who worship religious books that stultify and smother the spontaneous feelings of the soul—that forbid their members to apply the science of logic in the comprehensible conceptions of God and universal nature—that produce dissension in the sanctuary of their souls, and strew the altar of religious worship with discord and inharmonious impulses.

Another evil is the lifting of the gospel preached and erecting such costly churches as now stand upon the face of earth. Heavenly happiness is only attainable by self-refinement, self-harmonization, and reverence of the Supernatural Mind. The spirit's path is progression. Its home is heaven. A true Christian aspires to heaven and makes happiness his aim in life.

Another evil is the hypocrisy and social antagonism, the deception and injustice, of the present state of society. The disposition of man to combat and demolish every belief opposed to his own, is still the worst evil existing. The oppositional class attempt to impose their sentiments of belief upon the faith of those whose minds revolt at them. They endeavor, by false logic and dogmatical bigotry, to turn them from the truth and indoctrinate them in their own religious errors, strenuously and abusively attributing the faith which they seek to overthrow, to an imaginary power in antagonism to God. That class, however, will be repelled from the altar. Community at large cannot tolerate such ignorance, but must have the exemplification of brotherly kindness and distributive justice manifested by those who profess to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ. Every hour gives birth to some truth. Man may strive to crush and crucify the glorious truth that spirits do communicate with mortals,

but he will find himself bound to the cross of truth, and learn that the principles of nature control his mind. If a man deride another man's faith, you may mark him as an envious and ambitious man, who has more form than substance in his argument. But why contemplate this? We know that truth can never be turned from its natural course, which is ever upward to the harmonious and beautiful development of spiritual progress. We know all terrestrial and celestial objects are unfolded from the centre of Divine Wisdom. The wheel of time can never be clogged. The mainspring of progression can never be broken.

The evidence of a God naturally flows from the logical principles of the soul. But the idea of a satanic being is only a theological phantom of the brain. The human mind must recoil from evil tendencies; must observe the solemn injunction of nature, and, from logic, determine what is right and what is wrong. There is a tirade of antagonism commenced against reason, science and spiritual intercourse; but the feeble light of popular theology, can only shine in the absence of the glorious sunlight of philosophy and truth. Truth must prevail and philosophy prove the power and glory of the Supreme Being, whose abode is fixed eternally in the heavens.

The evils of the present age will never cease to exist until the laws of God shall be observed and the unchangeable principles he has established, govern the minds and actions of men. The bible may be the teacher of thousands of souls, until its pages shall be so worn that not a line can be clearly traced, and the condition of man will be no better. Something more substantial and powerful is required. Something that will reach the inmost feelings of the heart, and open the soul to the influx of thought. A higher and greater influence must surround the societies of earth, before happiness, true happiness, can be realized.

Creations are constructed upon anatomical laws. The mind is constructed upon the physiological law, and is acted upon magnetically. The mind should harmonize with nature. The human soul should receive those truths that agree with the laws of God, if not in accordance with the bible. The age is fast coming upon you when the present evils shall have faded with time, and the pure and everlasting, the holy and eternal workings of the vitalizing spirit of every creation, shall shed their holy influence around you, and the human soul quietly yield to the principles of an Omnipotent and Omnipresent Power.

Here the spirit ceased suddenly, and was gone for a few minutes; at the expiration of which the rapping recommenced, and the following was given:

I am called away. You may publish what I have given you, or you may wait till I have an opportunity to extend the lecture. If you desire to publish it as it is, I will commence another lecture instead of extending this. We enquired whether he had been called, and were answered: To California. We asked what he was gone there for, and received for answer, that he and other spirits were going to investigate the wonderful manifestations which we published some weeks ago, and that Mr. Smith would give us a lecture on that subject as soon as he possessed himself of all the circumstances attending it.

Lecture No. 2, by Edgar C. Dayton.
[CONTINUED]

We have before said that God acted upon all creations anatomically and physiologically. We now add: God also acts upon nature chemically and magnetically. We have said that the planet Saturn surpassed the elevation and development of the Earth. We shall now speak more directly of its rings. The outer one we discover to be in a more crude condition than the inner ones. It presents to our perception a barren and unproductive state. It seems like a mass of heavy clouds. To the touch this ring appears much like touching a lifeless body. It is cold yet possesses substantiality. This is lower or undeveloped matter. When Saturn's moons reflect their light upon this outer development, it presents unnumbered variations of colors, while the inner rings look dark and still less advanced in refinement.—We cannot discover any thing of either the animal or vegetable kingdom upon this ring. Its surface is rather uneven, which is evidence to us that it is being acted upon geologically, and will produce in coming ages a brilliant world.

The next inner ring exceeds the outer one in development. Its appearance is dark and rugged. This ring is passing through a chemical process. We sometimes perceive a rumbling sound beneath its surface, which vibrates through the other rings, and the great centre, or the planet Saturn. The sound produced is unlike that of an earthquake. We cannot long remain on this ring, because it is so heated by internal caloric. We also discover hard substances, which evidently are the formation of rocks. The first, or outer ring is acted upon physiologically. The next, or center ring is acted upon chemically and geologically.—There are many long and deep ravines upon this second ring. What it may eventually produce, God, perhaps, only knows. It is acted upon differently from the others, and presents to the observer a dark and desolate development. Yet it is grand; and in its formation we behold the harmonious workings of immutable principles. I could, if permitted, forever make it my study to discover laws which must be long unknown to us, that govern this ring in its present state. We also hear a sound representing the rushing of many waters, or the fall of a ponderous weight of water over stupendous precipices; but we see no water. Its relation to the outer ring, is harmonious. The light of Saturn's moons but rarely reach this second

ring. The cause of this is that the surfaces of the outer and inmost rings stand much above the second ring. Saturn itself stands above all, and receives the full light of each moon.

The inmost ring would appear to you as your moon appears to us; which is a world upon which are streams of water and trees and flowers, but not productive of animal life. There are no beings or animals upon this ring. Its surface is even and clothed with the habiliments of nature. This ring is called by the inhabitants of Saturn, or rather, I should say, by some, Heaven. The second ring, which is Saturn and its out creations, or rings, advance in development, they are drawn nearer together. It is supposed that, eventually, they will be connected and form one grand and glorious universe. The law of attraction and gravitation, the centrifugal and centripetal forces, and the natural and chemical principles, established by a higher power, clearly elucidate to us that Saturn will be brought into connection with its out creations, and stand at the centre of the planetary system.

There is still another peculiarity about this planet. One of its moons, in making its revolutions, passes under the outer ring and there remains for some weeks. It would seem as if, as the outer ring develops in diameter, and is brought nearer to the center ring, it might conceal this moon. But what the result will be, time will reveal. This moon, in making its way out, instead of passing under, passes over the ring. To make this plainer: This moon, in making its revolutions, dips into the space between the outer and center rings, and then comes out and passes over the outer ring. In this planet we have a glorious specimen of the works of God. We see here His power. We see His magnificence exemplified, and the heart of every creature throbbing with life and intelligence.

The next in order is the planet Jupiter. This planet is beautiful. Its surface is very even, and is not mountainous. If we looked to beauty, we might truly say Jupiter exceeded all others. Saturn is sublime—Jupiter beautiful. This planet is now travelling on in progression. It is acted upon magnetically, and magnetism is harmony. The inhabitants of this bright world are not so perfect in symmetry. Their minds are not so spiritually sublimated as the inhabitants of Saturn. The law of order is not so strictly observed. The harmony pervades. The delights of the inhabitants tend more to materiality. They seek the joys derived from a material life. The cause of harmony is, there are no creeds. They have but one religion, and that is: There is God, and there is suffering if God's laws are violated. The law of order exists on this planet, and although its development is not as great as the development of Saturn, yet there is a free intercourse established between its inhabitants and the spirit world. Their mode of communication is similar to that of Earth. Sometimes they hear and receive messages from their spirit friends, given in an audible voice. The principal mode of communication is by clairvoyance, or the spiritual perception.

We discover the planet Herschel to be in a state of formation. Its appearance is rather dark, with now and then rays of light appearing a portion of its surface. Its surface is very even. We have discovered water upon this planet, but nothing of the vegetable or animal kingdom is yet perceivable. It has a soil not unlike that of Earth, but appears in a frozen condition. Its atmosphere is cold and gloomy. By this planet's condition now, we suppose not many centuries of development will be required before it will become inhabited, and rank among the first worlds of the planetary system.

The next planet which will receive our attention, is Your Moon. Its development is peculiar. Its surface is mountainous and rocky. A large number of rivers, lakes and other large bodies of water exist upon this most beautiful planet. Its soil is dark and rich. It has upon it trees which have the appearance of having existed for many ages. There are also flowers and shrubs of every kind. Still one peculiarity exists, and that is, it is productive of the vegetable, but not of the animal. We do not discover any species of the animal. Its atmosphere is fragrant and balmy. We have never discovered snow on this planet.

Thus far the spirit had proceeded, when he received a message from his special *protégée*, informing him that she stood, in pressing need of his aid. The rapping spirit informed us that he had intended to give four more fooleap pages that evening, if he had not been called away. She also said he wished this to be published this week, and to have notice given that the lecture would be continued next week.

A gentleman writes from Scott county, Arkansas, that a mountain near Walden has lately exploded three times. The explosions were very loud and terrific, causing the earth around to quake, throwing up stones and earth, and filling the atmosphere with clouds of dust and smoke. The report of one of the explosions was heard a distance of 45 or 50 miles. The earth on the mountain has sunk to a great depth. The people in the vicinity are much alarmed.

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Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes.

NUMBER IV.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last two letters I have stated to you some of the causes of my early misgivings as to yours being a true church, as to its holding the true faith. These causes I might multiply indefinitely; for you well know it to be a law of the human mind that when its confidence is once shaken, it sees causes of suspicion even in things true and honest. In my first letter I stated to you that when I deliberately rejected the authority and teachings of your church, I became an infidel. And my object in the present letter is to reveal to you the process through which my mind passed, in its transition from popery to infidelity. I believe that your Reverence will pronounce it a very natural one.

On reaching the years of maturity my mind was a perfect blank as to all religious instruction. And if such instruction is ever given by your church or priests, my advantages were peculiarly good for receiving it. Indeed I was even talked of as a candidate for Maynooth. Whilst my mind was filled with superstitious notions concerning meats and penances, and external observances, and legends, it was utterly ignorant of the Bible. With my Missal I was somewhat familiar; I said the Chatechism when I was confirmed at the age of nine or ten; and that was the amount of my religious education. At the age of eighteen years the Catechism was forgotten, and the Missal was neglected; and as my conscience was uneducated, and my mind unfurnished with religious principles, the only test of truth left me, was my common sense. I then became the associate of companions of Protestant education, who would sometimes ask me my reason for this and that observance; and not being able to give any, as none were ever given me, I was frequently put to the blush. I candidly state to you that it was in this way I was first led to bring to the test of my common sense, then my only standard, some of the doctrines and rites of your church. And this reveals the reason why your priesthood so intensely concerned that Catholic children should be guarded from all contact with those of Protestant education. The spirit of inquiry is contagious; and pope, bishop, and priests fear it worse than the plague. Its indulgence, you know, either, or leads to, mortal sin. Let me briefly state to you some of the effects of this spirit of inquiry upon me.

From my youth up I was taught to abstain from all meats on Fridays and Saturdays. Why on these days more than any other, I was never told. And if by mistake I was involved in the violation of this law, I felt a burden upon my conscience, of which confession could only relieve me. Circumstances led me to inquire into this matter. I saw good papists eating eggs, and fish, and getting drunk on these days; but this was no violation of the law of the church! Yet if these persons should eat meat of any kind; or use gravy in any way, their consciences were troubled, and they must perform penance! This led me to ask, is this reasonable? If I may eat meat on Thursday, why not on Friday? Can God, in things of this kind, make that to be a sin at one time which is not on another? I saw also persons, for whose moral worth I had the highest regard, eating meats on those days, and without any injury! And I came to the conclusion that your regulations upon this matter were unreasonable, and rejected them. And, as far as I now remember, this was my first step towards light and freedom.

Whether our course is upward, toward the region of light, or downwards, towards that of darkness, one step always prepares for another. Devoted to reading at this period of my life, I perused, without discrimination, everything that came in my way. Some book or tract, now forgotten, gave rise to some inquiries as to the Mass. I asked, What does it mean? I could not tell, though for years a regular attendant upon it. Why does the priest dress so? What book does he read from, when carried now to his right, and now to his left? What mean those candles burning at noonday? Why do I say prayers in Latin, which I understand not? Should I not know what I am saying, when addressing my Maker? Why bow down, and strike my breast, when the little bell rings? What does it all mean? The darkness of Egypt rested upon these questions. I thus reasoned with myself; God is a spiritual and intelligent being, and he requires an intelligent worship. What worship I render him in the Mass, I know not. My intelligent worship only is acceptable to him, and is beneficial to me. I am a rational being, and I degrade my nature, and insult my Maker, by offering to Him a worship in which neither my reason, nor His intelligence is consulted. Having come to this conclusion, I gave up the Mass as a form of worship well enough fitted for an idol, but unfitted to be rendered by a rational being to the infinitely intelligent Jehovah. I have never been to Mass since, save out of curiosity to see how an ignorant people can be edified by what seems to me the most unmeaning and farcical of all the rites that ever man has devised. And you know, sir, that with all devotion and honesty a Catholic may wait on your Masses until his locks are as white as your supple, and then pass into eternity without one single spiritual idea upon the subject of religion; resolving it all into external observances.

When I came to the above conclusion on the subject of the Mass, I experienced no great difficulty as to other matters which passed rapidly in review before me. Must I go to Confession? My prejudices said, Yes. My reason said, No. And my logic was simply as follows:—If I truly repent of my sins, God will forgive me; if I do not, the priest cannot ab-

solve me. And I spurned as unreasonable, and as an insult to my common sense, your terrible doctrine that "Every Christian is bound, under pain of damnation, to confess to a priest all his mortal sins, which after diligent examination he can possibly remember; yea, even his most secret sins; his very thoughts; yea, and all the circumstances of them which are of any moment." I ask you, sir, if this dogma of the Council of Trent is not a horrible dogma? It suspends upon confessing to a priest, what the Bible suspends on believing in Christ! Do you, sir, believe it? Can you believe it?

With yet greater abhorrence, I gave up the doctrine of Transubstantiation. As explained by Dr. Challoner, in his "Catholic Christian Instruction," Chap. 5, it means "that the bread and the wine are changed by the consecration into the body and blood of Christ; and are so changed that Christ himself, true God, and true man, is truly, really, and substantially present, in the sacrament." With this doctrine in view, I went to witness the administration of the Eucharist, as you call it. I went to Saint Peter's in Barclay street. The communicants drew around the altar upon their knees. With a little box in his hand the priest passes from one to the other, taking a wafer, smaller than that used in sealing a letter, from the box, and placing it upon the extended tongue of the communicant. I was always taught that the teeth must not touch the wafer;—that it must melt upon the tongue. This I find to be the law of your church. I witnessed the ceremony as I had often done before. I retired from the scene, asking these questions: Is that little wafer the real body and blood of Christ? Does the priest, in that little box, not as large as a snuff box, carry two or three hundred real bodies of Christ? Do these communicants, each in their turn, eat the real body and blood of Christ? My dear sir, I cannot express to you the violence with which my mind rejected the absurdity. Look at it in what light you may, it is abhorrent to our common reason;—it gives the lie to every sense with which God has endowed us. It is a wicked imposition.

Having gone through this process, not with a light and trifling, but with a serious mind, my prejudices rising in stormy rebellion against my convictions, I raised up my eyes, and behold, my religion was gone! The priest was a juggler, and his religion a fable! Everything that I had ever learned from parent and priest to esteem as religion, was now rejected as false; and not knowing but that this was all of religion that was in the world, I had no alternative but infidelity. I had no test of truth but my reason, and when I brought your system to that, I was compelled to reject it, not only as false, but as a monstrous absurdity, and with it, all religion.

Nor have I dear sir, any hesitation in saying that the process of my own mind from popery to infidelity, is that through which multitudes of minds have passed, and are now passing. To an inquiring mind, which knows nothing of the Bible, infidelity is the fruit of popery. Hence in papal countries, whilst the masses are superstitious, the intelligent and educated are infidel. If they sustain the vulgar religion, it is for reasons of state. Hence, the infidelity of France, of Spain, of Italy. At the present hour the mind of these countries is more infidel than papal. And this is true of every country on the globe where your religion prevails. It makes the masses superstitious, and the intelligent, infidels.

And permit me to say, my dear sir, in reference to yourself, that I have far too high a regard for your intelligence to admit for a moment that you believe in the absurd doctrines which your church teaches. Like the ancient priests of Egypt, you must have one class of opinions for the people, and another for yourself. Will you say that this is harsh and uncharitable? None knows better than yourself that history affirms it of popes, cardinals, and bishops that have lived before you. On no other ground can I possibly account for your remaining an hour in the Roman Catholic Church.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

Facts and Principals.

Just on the eve of our late election, says the *Prohibitionist*, the Temperance State Central Committee, through Mr. RICHARDSON, its Chairman, issued an "Address to the Friends of Temperance in the State of New York," which was widely published in the temperance and political journals. We should be glad if our space permitted, to transfer the whole of it to our columns, but much of it was of only temporary interest, passing away with the occasion which called it forth. But the following argument, condensed in a series of propositions, seems to us so conclusive and unanswerable, and presents the whole question in so clear and strong a light, that we shall be doing good service to the temperance cause by giving it the benefit of our circulation, and soliciting for it the earnest consideration of our readers:

"*Shall the traffic in intoxicating beverages be prohibited by law?*" "Consider these facts, all of which have been established by the most indubitable testimony: "1. That traffic has converted eighty thousand of the present inhabitants of this State, once sober and reputable, into drunkards. "2. It has brought sorrow and poverty, and in many instances, ruin and despair, to tens of thousands of once happy homes. "3. It causes the incarceration, in the jails and penitentiaries of our State, of fifty thousand of our fellow-citizens annually. "4. From its influence, proceed four-fifths of all the crimes, from the least that is recognized by the law, to the most flagrant that come under the cognizance of our Courts:

"5. Since the first of last January, it has occasioned no less than fifty homicides within the limits of our State, and almost innumerable assaults with intent to kill, happily unsuccessful. "6. It is the fruitful cause of immorality, irreligion, profanity, obscenity, blasphemy, contempt of law, contempt of all the proprieties, amenities and decencies of life; and of every evil word and work. "7. It costs the State eighty millions of dollars annually. "8. It destroys the lives of not less than fifteen thousands of our citizens, every twelve months. "Consider these principles universally conceded as truth:

"1. The interests of health are superior to those of property. 'The health of the people is the supreme law.' "2. The interests of morality over-ride those of property. "3. The personal security of the citizen from assault and outrage is of more consequence than the rights of property. "4. The interests of the many must not be sacrificed to those of the few. "5. The right of the people to protect themselves, through the institutions of government, is inherent and indefeasible; and government, in the very nature of the case, is clothed with all the powers requisite to the accomplishment of this end,—the protection of the people. "From the facts and principles thus stated, the following inferences are unavoidable:

"1. The liquor traffic is practically hostile to all the interests of society which the civil power is ordained to protect. "2. The suppression of that traffic is clearly demanded by the purpose for which government was ordained, and is therefore clearly within the limit of its constitutional powers. "3. The traffic, and not its suppression, is unconstitutional, and the government that neglects to prohibit it, is either ignorant of its obligations, or faithless to its trust. "The constitutionality of prohibition, is further proved—

"1. By the fact that for twenty years past it has been recognized in the legislation of the General Government. See Laws of the United States for 1834, Vol. IX, page 138. "2. The Supreme Court of the United States in full Bench has declared it so, with no dissenting voice. Chief Justice Taney says: "If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits, injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice, or debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating or restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether, if it thinks proper."

"The Old-Time Argument. "The only argument against a prohibitory law is that of those who make silver shirers for Diana: 'Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.' The rum trade is productive of wealth. Were it not, it would be denounced as an infernal abomination, by the very men who now pursue it. But so long as there is such a pecuniary temptation to this traffic, men will pursue it, deny its wickedness, and keep its deadly result out of sight. And any attempt to break it up will be met by this one argument, *ye know by this craft we have our wealth.* And we know, too, that an argument whose strength is measured by hundreds of thousands of dollars, is almost omnipotent. It branches out in a hundred different directions, and is masked by almost impregnable batteries. A thousand assaults may have to be made and defeated, before the fortress of such an argument, whose citadel is self-interest, can be carried. 'By this craft we have our wealth,' is the watch-word, all the world over, of interest against benevolence, of oppression against humanity, of profit against conscience.

"Selfish men pursue their selfish schemes, regardless of God's law, just so far as human laws will let them. When the law comes in with absolute penalty, then and then only will they stop. If God or man asked them, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?' their answer is the grim, demonic defiance of the first murderer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' This is preeminently true of the dealers in ardent spirits. To all the appeals of man or God, their only answer is, 'By this craft we have our wealth.' All possible considerations and appeals, all the powers of mighty, overwhelming argument, demonstration and excitement, are met with this same inexorable answer of the demon of avarice, coupled with that of the demon of a murderous selfishness, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

ONE NIGHT'S DEBACH.—Cost Col. Loring his life, sacrificed to the murderous fury of Dr. Graham—and Dr. Graham seven years' incarceration in the State Prison, with all the privation and shame and sorrow incident to such incarceration. All this was and runs results from the drunkenness of a gentleman, (so recognized) who never visited low grog-shops, but drank his costly wines in fashionable saloons and such palatial hotels as St. Nicholas. Do we need a Maine Law for the low grog-shops, only?—*Prohibitionist.*

A Gem. The following little gem we clip from Dickens's "David Copperfield"— "She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground, where the trees grow." "The cold ground," said the child, shuddering again. "No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where people turn into angels, and fly away to heaven."

From the Sacred Circle.

Bishop Wainwright.

On Saturday the 23d of September last, the funeral of the Right Reverend J. M. Wainwright, Provisional Bishop of New York, occurred in this city. On the Monday following he came to me at our circle, through Mrs. Sweet, and spoke a few words to me, in which he expressed his emotions at learning the truth of the intercommunion between us on earth and the spirit-world.

Afterward he came through Mrs. Hall, at West Roxbury, and wrote what follows.

E.

SATURDAY EVENING, Sept. 30, 1854.

Would I could trace the workings of my spirit as the mighty power and deep wisdom of God, our heavenly Father and Judge, is made manifest to it.

While sojourning in the tabernacle of the flesh, my soul sought after God, and vain would satisfy itself with the living streams of his all-bountiful love, but it was as groping in darkness in comparison with the light which now radiates my path with the vista hues of the New Jerusalem. I feel that a boundless field of knowledge and usefulness is opening before me. The shackles of sin and clay have fallen from me. I am now the spirit-child of adoption—free to think—to act—to learn of the all-pervading spirit—to bow down and worship—to adore the Lamb forever.

But how mysterious the connection between the earthly and the spiritual life! how much more intimate—how closely connected! And here is the great mistake of our theologians; they make them separate and apart when in reality they are one and the same; though widely different, they overreach and intermingle with each other, and we pass from one to the other like the going out of the taper.

There is a great moral lesson in this truth, which needs to be sounded throughout the world, to awaken its sleeping energies. Now I feel its force and power with such tremendous weight, that I would fain startle the drowsy soul, and invest it with the knowledge and dignity that is its birthright. The problem is now being solved, why, with all that learning and eloquence could command, we might please God, but could not reach the heart—reach it, I mean, as I felt it was capable of being reached, to make it sensible of the living vibrations of the tones of truth. We had the machinery in good order, but the manning wanted energy; the live coal from the altar of truth was not placed beneath the smoking fan. We did not search deep enough into the wisdom and love of God—we were blinded by the wisdom of man.

It had accumulated for centuries, and the dust of antiquity lay heavy upon our robes of office; we could not lightly shake it off. Could we not rest where the wise and good of all ages had trusted? True, our flocks were inquiring; new lights and strange doctrines were brought us to investigate, but the holy church cried, Heresy! and they must be met with silent contempt and holy horror.

"Was nothing that our whole souls called loudly for this very living water of truth. It must be regarded as a carnal device of our own evil natures—to be wept over and by secret prayers atoned for—that we for one moment had dared to question and rebel against the authority of our most holy church.

How different the spirit reads God's everlasting laws. We have now no authority to consult, save the acting efficacy of those same laws; for whether we look within and trace their operations there, or without, all is harmony, and a delightful peace is infused into our whole souls—a peace so grateful and soothing in contrast with the warring elements we have so long sought to equalize and calm. God has ever spoken to the soul with truth and freedom, but there have been so many trammels and conventionalities established around it by education and circumstances, that it has been tried and sorely troubled to decide the voice of God, and give it its true meaning and interpretation. O, could the finger of the spirit write upon earth's most holy and consecrated walls, I fear me the writing would be, 'Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin;' with deep humility my prostrate soul would earnestly pray for more of light and truth. In addition to these I have been permitted to see the handwriting on the wall, and the glory of his holy name.

In the blessedness of this spirit-communion I hail with joy the means of a mutual improvement. I see in it a rising star of redemption and purification. Mortals and spirits! join the anthem of thanksgiving, for it shall again perforce the second song of 'peace on earth, good will to men.'

WONDERFUL ANTEDELVAN MONSTER.—We learned from the Mount Vernon *Jeffersonian* the particulars of a wonderful discovery which was made in Marion county, a short time since. It seems that while some men were digging a pit for a bridge over a little stream called Lost Creek, on section No. 120 of the Railroad, when about six feet below the surface they came upon the carcass of what they supposed was some antedevan monster. The principal bones were so much destroyed, that little could be told as to their proper locations in the body. A horn was found of white color, nine feet in length, and quite smooth, with the exception of about three feet of the but end, which was surrounded with ridges, similar to those in a sheep measuring twenty-four inches in circumference, the hollow being four inches in diameter. The horn was so much decayed as not to allow lifting without breaking.

A tooth was also found, and a portion of the outside of the gun was yet sound, and on measuring it was found to be five feet in length, and about two feet in diameter, having the appearance of having been the first jaw tooth. Another portion of the bone was found, which was thought to be a portion of the jaw, but was broken to pieces in digging it out; but its dimensions were taken, and found to be eleven feet. The remains are now in the possession of Mr. Howell, who resides at the crossing of the railroad. To naturalists and other antiquarians they must be invaluable, and should be examined and secured immediately.—*Illinois Jour.*

The Council Bluffs *Bugle* says of Ne.braska: Every body is in a hurry, and scarce a hand can be hired. You will see men who have been in doors all their lives, turn out to perform their own labor, and assist to rear their cabins. The axe among the woodland trees, the sledge and blast in the quarry, the saw and hammer upon the buildings, and the rumblings of wagons, ascend from all directions in musical rounds of industry, energy and determination. All is bustle and excitement, and there seems to be so many good chances for money-making, that unless a person has a good degree of firmness of purpose, he always fails to act, fearful he will not choose the most lucrative and advantageous opening.

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